

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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[WHOLE NO. 61.]

ORIGINAL.

The Poet's Pictured Home.

By GEO. LEWELLYN MIXER.

Come now, my love, and I will tell thee of
A fair retreat I'd choose, where I would spend
With thee, thou chosen of my heart, the days
That God allots to us on earth. Before
The base of that grand mountain our house should
be

Whose stern, majestic form might proudly
stand,
Sublime, romantic back ground of the most
Enchanting scene that fancy ever built.
There, just out of the world, should darkly
frown,

That seen upland alone by God's almighty hand;
While over all its dark peaks and ridges
By never fading boughs, a solemn shade;
Those pines, whose breezy whisper 'e'er hath
been

To me a moving voice in nature's choir.
And upward for the overhanging top
Might just seem to arise like a high,<
A firm and mighty prop. There at the foot
Of that proud mountain our dwelling place should
be.

Not formed by skill of famous architect,
Of costly marble, brought from o'er the seas,
With lofty pillars, carved in curious style,
That rear on high a gilded dome, sure means
To swell in man the stream of vanity.

But there a neat and simple cot we'd have,
With roof so low that summer rain would make
Most grateful music in its gentle fall.
And when the tempest raged in awful wrath,
The warbling elements without, we might
Most plainly hear and feel a deeper sense
Of gratitude, inflame our trusting hearts,
To Him who blessed us with the safe retreat.

Around the open porch would surely grow
A modest flower of woodbine, that should twine
Slip upward to the humble eaves. We'd place
Beneath our windows those creeping vines,
For shades, that love to climb and deck the
thing.

From which they gain support. As gentle
winds
Might softly stir the shining leaves, the sun
Through them upon our cottage floor would
wave
A thousand bright and cheerful shapes, most
like

Of all things here to fantasies that fill
The poet's mind. Before the cot should be
A cultivated plot, but tended still
By our own hands, that joyfully would plant
To please the eye those blooming shrubs and
flowers.

That God hath given man to beautify
His home and scent the rural air. Again
Sublimely rushing down the mountain side,
A stream should come, in wrath now dashing
over

The rocky rocks, again low-humming there
Like bees amid a bed of flowers at noon;
Then swiftly gliding round in circling course,
Through our lovely vale its way should be,
With banks o'erbrown with drooping willow-
boughs.

'Twas when the first light might dancing
gleam
At sunset twilight's hour, with transient spark,
Like which man's fleeting life must ever be,
There would I spend with thee, the happy time,
Whose hours would fly unnumbered on, well
used.

'Twas then and books and converse sweet of
heaven
And thus secluded from the haunts of men,
Whose selfish joy so often rests upon
The morrow, sweet to sons, a better man's
Lot truly, nor think of sympathy.

'Twas then I would be a poet, without
a name,
A second Eve to tempt her head to sin.

I TOO REMEMBER!
Suggested by reading some lines, written by Mrs.
C. H. Criswell, entitled "I Remember."

BY CAROLA.

I too remember! Long ago
Alone seated to me a fairy dream:
No skies since then have looked so blue—
No blossoms were so bright a hue,
As those my happy childhood knew.

Yes, I remember! Visions fair
Bathed each shade of care and gloom;
Life held no bitter cup for me—
My heart was full of joy and glee—
My spirit bounded "fancy free."

O happy day! then hand in hand
My little brother roamed with me;
His gentle heart was no disguise—
A world of love was in his eyes,
And they were blue as summer skies.

We wandered o'er the sunny hills,
We strayed beside the murmuring brook,
We lingered in the shadowy vale,
And told each other fairy tales,
While laughter floated on the gales.

Alas! I know while life is mine,
I ne'er shall feel such joys again,
For childhood's blissful hours are flown,
My brother from my side has gone,
And my poor heart is left alone!

I will not murmur at the fate
My heavenly father doth decree.
Roll on, ye swift departing years,
Beyond this vale of grief and tears,
I'll find a home in brighter spheres.

FANCIES.
BY MARIE K. LADD.

Now, while I am seated where the mel-
low sunlight gleams gloriously around me,
moving my soul after it while it fades float-
ing away, and lighting up this beautiful
world of Gods until it bears a simi-
lance to Eden-land; blending with the
great worship which it excites for the De-
lincator, a strange power binds me to tell
you my fancies and memories.

There are spirits in the air, to-night, it
seems—not rapping spirits, nor faeries, but
pure, glad aerial spirits, spirits of hope,
those heavenly visitants, spirits of gentle-
ness, that confide in and love one, meek
spirits that will not remember we are mortal
and sinful, and love us soothingly, love-
spirits that charm one kindly leading, win-
ning and smiling one on until there is ex-
perienced an irresistible longing for the
love supernatural. Oh! yes, there must be
spirits in the air, to-night; their influence
is upon me electrifying my soul with many
beautiful emotions.

And who knows but there are among
them those I loved with a child-worship in
years ago; maybe gentle Annie bends
her brown eyes down from cloud-land and
blesses me with her spirit's spell. Ah, me!

how my mind wanders back to the time-
browned cottage by the lake side, and I
seem to see enacted again the same simple,
yet soul-endearing scenes that erst made
me so happy. How often when my soul
was weary, have I sought the cot, for I al-
ways found Annie there. Gentle Annie,
meek-eyed, low-voiced Annie, loved An-
nie, by all who knew her!

Ah! I am remembering now, while the
cloud-folds dim the golden light in the
West, and the saddened spirit of memory
is hovering in the gathering gloom, I am
remembering one sunless day of dark clouds
that I returned from afar to visit the lake-
side cot. They told me that Annie was
not there, and I followed them listlessly
through the long withering grass, and over
the little brown meadow mounds, until we
reached the grave-yard.

It is an autumnal day. A drear, brown
autumnal day. The sun hid its face, as if
unwilling to sparkle forth its glittering
smiles on so chilling a scene, for there lay
Annie, her large brown eyes closed and
her brown curls straying over a white cheek;
a deep hole had been dug beneath a brown
guard tree, and they told me they must
place her there, near by where the brown
marbles looked so cheerless, and that the
time-browned cottage by the lake side would
pass many a lone brown autumnal day, and
never be lit by the sunshine of Annie's
smile. But that smile of hers has left a
sunny spot in my heart, and ever when I
long for communion with her, I half be-
lieve her spirit with me, and that I list to
the low-voiced melody of her words; and
this eve while there wimple and swell and
sway about me a wilder, mysterious
hum, that some would naturally and philo-
sophically explain, to me it is the zephyr
breathing tones of glad rejoicing spirits,
and there speaks to me from among them
my Annie's tones.

MUSIC.
BY WM. HANSEN, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER IV.

What say you now about the human
voice: is it a wind or a stringed instru-
ment? It partakes somewhat of both char-
acters, does it not? I hope my good old
Methodist brethren and sisters, who attend
this singing school, will not be startled
from their property by my saying that the
human throat has musical chords in it, ac-
tual strings, on which every body plays
when he sings, lest I make it appear that
God has formed so bad a thing as a banjo
or an "old fiddle" in the glottis of His
"nobler work;" I have called it a
"banjo"—don't you go to using ugly
words to offend good Christian people. But
the chords are there and no mistake, so
anatomists tell us; and it is our business
to consider carefully the operation of our
heavenly Father's hands that we may be
blest thereby, and not to "rush in where
angels look abashed" to find fault with
His work.

Well, music is made on strings; and
the longer and larger a string is the graver
(i. e. the lower or heavier) will be the sound
it makes; on the contrary, the smaller and
shorter a string is the more acute, (i. e.
the higher) and ear-piercing will be its
sounds. Open a piano and see what long,
coarse wires those are down at the left-
hand end of the instrument; and notice
what low sounds they make when their
keys are struck; but how short and small
are the wires at the right-hand end of the
piano, and what high, piercing sounds
they make!

I might illustrate this principle of strings
further by appealing to the different string-
ed instruments, but as I intend to write a
whole article on Violin playing (yes, in-
deed I do, don't be shocked, my honest
friend, till you shall have read it) before I
stop, I'll let what I have just said on this
branch of the subject, suffice for the present.
But I would not have you overlook
the fact that, in singing very low notes,
you swell out your throat, by means of the
muscles thereof, and thereby lengthen your
chordal muscles, and when you sing high
notes, you shorten these chords. Try it
now; make as low a sound as you can,
marking carefully how you work your
throat. Thus, do, singing from the lowest
sound you can possibly make to the high-
est, and noticing carefully all the move-
ments of your vocal apparatus. Some need
of air, don't you say, to help on your sing-
ing? What do you say to leaning forward
and compressing your chest, and keeping
your mouth nearly closed when you sing?
Better lean back a little, throw your breast
forward, and open your mouth just wide
enough to let the air have full ingress and
egress. Don't you ever forget those re-
marks when you attempt to sing. Query:
Wonder if preachers would not suffer less
pain and last longer to benefit the world,
were they to adopt the above to guide them
in speaking?

Wait till next meeting.

"How long did Adam remain in Par-
adise before he sinned?" said an amiable
sister to her husband. "Till he got a
wife," calmly answered the husband.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
GOD BLESS YOU.
Respectfully inscribed to Emma Sophia Mills,
BY NAT. SOCIAL.

DEAR LADY:—I know you not, yet a
sweet little gem from your casket of fancy
has reached me.

While reading your "God's blessing
rest upon thee"—a chord vibrated in my
bosom, and a music tone long since hush-
ed, thrilled my being with its half forgot-
ten melody. Time was when a happy girl
I was passing through life. The bright
and beautiful in nature lay around, and I
gazed rapturously upon it—I heard the
mysterious language of which poets speak,
in every tree and flower—in all things God
hath made—I loved them, I communed
with them. 'Twas in this happy time,
that I lightly spoke the words "God bless
you," to one, whom for many reasons I
had learned to cherish—I used them sim-
ply as parting words, for we were to meet
again on the morrow. The morrow came
—and he too came. He told me how
those words had haunted him through the
hours of night. He deemed them an ap-
peal to the God in whom I believed, for
mercy and kindness toward him, who had
so slighted the Holy One. How my heart
reached him, for the want of fervency
with which those words had been spoken.

No matter how—yet the time came,
when I must take his hand for the last
time; we were to part for aye—then he
said "God bless you!" Can I ever for-
get the tone of agony, the utter despair
with which they came to my ear? Ah!
they swept along the desolated chambers
of my soul, filling them with echoes of
anguish.

The dark wing of the Death Angel has
swept past him since then. He has ceased
to gladden those who loved him by his
presence. They have made him a grave
in the wild, wild wood—the sounding
wind through the leafy branches breathing
the only mourning tone above him made
—God's hand alone hath planted flowers
by the spot—the ocean roars its pealing
anathema not afar off—but he hears it not,
though it was the music he loved—his eyes
kindles not now, as the restless waters
toss in their movements so typical of his
own soul—no! those eyes have lost their
wonder fire—the spirit has fled its beau-
tiful tenement.

But the parting blessing—have I for-
gotten it? no! ah no! It comes as a
sweet comforter in the lonely hours of life.
These last words so late and mine it
was given to smooth that dying pillow,
to speak words of cheer to the parting soul,
and point to a clime more blessed than
this; yet do I inwardly thank Him "who
doeth all things well," that the last sound
I ever heard from those loved lips was
"God bless you!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.
In the sketch of the life of General
Francis Nash, to be found in Wheeler's
History of North Carolina, it is stated
that he fell in the battle of Germantown
by a cannon ball, which shattered his
thigh and killed his horse, and likewise
his aid Major Witherspoon.

The Historian does not tell—perhaps
he did not know—that the same cannon
ball took the life of yet another person,
very different indeed in position and char-
acter, and of very different political senti-
ments, but equally resolute to maintain
them; whose fate the researches of the
chronicler have failed to discover, or else
passed it over in silence.

Gen. B., formerly of this State but now
more, was a Captain in the North Car-
olina Line of the Army of the Revolution.
He was in the battles of Brandywine, Ger-
mantown, and some others, and, like most
men who have seen service, was fond of
fighting his battles over again, especially
in the social circle.

In our boyish days, we heard him tell the story of the cannon
ball that killed Gen. Nash; and we will
now attempt to repeat it, as nearly as we
can, in his own words.

"As we were marching" said he
"through Germantown, very early in the
morning, at a quick step, to attempt the
surprise of the British Camp which lay
not far beyond, an old woman appeared at
the door of her house, and commenced a-
busing us in the most outrageous manner,
calling us rebels and traitors and cowards
and every other vile name she could think
of, and telling us, we would run as soon
as we saw the Red Coats. The soldiers
retorted with curses loud and deep, but
hurried on. Until the last man had got
beyond the reach of her voice, her re-
proaches and ill-boding screeches might
be heard. The attack was made and we
were repulsed. We retreated the same
way we had come; the British firing up-
on us all the time with their big guns.
We were hurrying on through the streets
of Germantown, anxious to get out of
reach of the guns, and had got to the
place where the old woman was in the
morning when behold there she was still.
Again she poured upon our heads all the
bitterness of her bitter heart, mocking,

jeering and scoffing at us, and reminding
us of what she had told us in the morning
—that we would run as soon as we saw
the Red Coats. Just then, a cannon ball
which had struck Gen. Nash on the thigh
mortally wounding him and killing his
horse, and had afterwards killed Major
Witherspoon, his aid, rebounding from the
earth struck the old woman and killed her
dead. (D—n her old soul!)

No man had a kinder heart than Gen.
B.; no one, a gentler disposition or more
forgiving temper; few persons had fewer
enemies; his home was the abode of hos-
pitality; his jovial and cheerful spirits
made his company the delight of the
young; his private worth and public ser-
vices won for him the esteem and respect
of the old; his reverence for Washington,
whom he had often seen, under whom he
had fought, and who had kindly noticed
him, amounted almost to devotion, and
for the cause of Liberty and Independence
in which he had periled his life, he cher-
ished a feeling akin to idolatry. May we
not then indulge the hope, that, in his
case, as in that of Uncle Toby, the Accom-
panying Spirit, when he carried up the oath
to Heaven's Chancery, blushed as he gave it
in, and the Recording Angel, as he wrote
it down, dropped a tear and blotted it out
forever!

Oh, for the Merry Moonlight
Nights.
BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh, for the merry moonlight nights,
When you and I were young;
When brilliant hopes like shining stars
Within our hearts were hung;
Alas, alas, they all have fled,
Our life is on the wave;
And those pure hours of untold bliss
Cannot return again.

Oh, those were happy, happy days,
As free we sported then;
And even the birds more joyous, seem'd
In our enchanted glen;
And oh, how the old forest rang
With our uproarious mirth;
While in our hearts new hopes of bliss
Were springing into birth.

'Tis true those scenes cannot return
To warm our hearts again;
Yet memory can retain their blissful joys
Within the soul's domain;
And e'en as the pilgrim roams
To some far distant shore;
So shall my heart a pilgrimage
Make to those scenes of yore.

Educational.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.
Irregular Attendance at School.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Among some old
manuscripts I find the following which,
though originally designed for another
part of the country, may not be inappli-
cable to our present condition in the Old
North State:—

Many things seem to indicate that the
people of our state are far behind the times
in respect to their interest in education;
and not the least, if we could see it, would
be the daily record of attendance in our
common schools and academies. Our
schools are almost as variable as our sab-
bath congregations, and for no better reason.
The writer of this has tried to
teach a village school, the number of pu-
pils present at one time varying between
twenty and seventy all through the term
and the number of different pupils being
more than ninety. In an examination in-
tended to show what had been accomplish-
ed during a term in an academy he has ex-
hibited large classes with the apology that
they did not then contain a single mem-
ber who was present when these classes
were organized, and when the teachers
planned their work and laid the founda-
tion upon which they wished to build.

Considerable inquiry has convinced him
that his experience in this respect is not
very unlike that of most of the teachers in
the state. Many who will not deny the
extent of the evil do not realize that it is
a matter of very great importance; yet
what principal of an academy, what teacher
of a common school does not feel that
if he could have all his pupils present
promptly and without interruption from
the first morning to the last evening of the
term, he would have a better examination
at the close than any of a like school that
ever yet was held in the state, and that
more would be accomplished toward de-
veloping, strengthening and disciplining
the faculties of his pupils than has been
done during the past six terms?

If pupils are sick so as not to be able to
attend, it is a great misfortune, like sick-
ness in an army on the march. But he
who without an earnest necessity is tardy
or irregular in forming a habit which, if
not corrected in his school days, he will
never throw off, but will go through life
hindering and disappointing every one who
has anything to do with him. He is guilt-
y of wasting precious treasures which do
not belong to him but to his Lord, and of
doing an irreparable injury to the whole
school and to the reputation of his teach-
er. Is this language too strong? Suppose
that, actuated by an earnest desire to do
good, you have endeavored to qualify your-
self for the business of teaching. Before
commencing your labors you consider how
you may use your Master's talents so as to
gain most for Him. Reflecting that the

feelings of your pupils toward yourself,
and your consequent influence on their
hearts, minds and conduct will depend
very much upon first impressions, and
their habits and interest in their studies
will be decided in a great measure by the
manner in which they begin, you determine
to convince them at the outset that it is
not for the advantage of their parents or
yourself that they are required to labor,
but that they are going to work for them-
selves; that you have been hired as mas-
ter workmen to direct and help them,
and wish to be faithful and do them good;
you will show them the end to be gained,
kindle their enthusiasm and lead them to
begin at once (before 'Satan finds some
mischief for idle hands and hearts to do')
with a will that shall not falter; you will
state such rules as you think necessary,
and explain their design; organize the school
for the term, making the number of classes
as small as consistent with each pupil's
wants, so that every recitation may be longer
and more thorough; fix a time for every
thing, that every moment may be used to the
best advantage; show each class how to study
the branch which they are to commence
and lead them to a clear understanding of
the first simple principles on which it all
depends, so that they may go up by sure
steps.

In anticipation you see them fast
learning to study; gaining more complete
control of the attention, that servant so
indispensable, so hard to manage and so
apt to run away. You see each class en-
couraged every day by new victories, and
you teach them how to keep and use them.
They handle as familiar things truths
which once seemed strange and difficult.
They rely less on the book, because they
understand it better; they study the sci-
ence now, not the book,—are learning to
think for themselves. In reviews they
are at home, for they see the use of that
first part now. At the final examina-
tion how pleasant it is to show to parents
what can be done in a few short weeks by
being in earnest!

But what a change comes o'er the spir-
it of your dream! when time carries you
from the imaginary to the real! Your
heart beats quick, for the time has arrived
when, the author of "Theory and Prac-
tice of Teaching," supposes the sympathy
of angels is enlisted "if angels ever vis-
it our earth and hover unseen around the
gatherings of mortals to survey their ac-
tions and contemplate their destiny as af-
fected by human instrumentality."

To quote again from the same excellent work,
—"What a critical,—what an eventful
moment is this first day of the school to
all concerned! The teacher's success,—
nay, his reputation as an efficient instruc-
tor now hang upon the decision of an
hour!"

You have waited till that "hour" is
passed; a very few of the pupils have
come in, and you have conversed with
them, learned their names and examined
them a little in their previous studies.
The rest are absent. Why? Some have
not got their clothes ready; some can be
of use a little longer at home; some did
not know that school was to commence to-
day; but most "knew that there would
not be many there, and nothing would be
done the first day, and so did not think it
worth while to go. At night you console
yourself with the unphilosophical reflec-
tion that, "A poor beginning makes a
good ending." You try to arrange the
daily order of exercises, and, if your school
is an academy, where several teachers con-
duct recitations at the same time, you
spend a large part of the night, as many a
preceptor has done, in arranging a plan by
which every recitation may have its prop-
er time and not conflict with any other,—
merely to see your plan demolished in the
morning by new comers, and to repeat the
process for many succeeding nights. Your
school goes on, day after day, without any
system,—always beginning yet never be-
gun. You can do little to excite interest
or emulation in study while the pupils
have no stated time for the different stu-
dies, and while their attention is distract-
ed by continual changes; and you try to
produce industry and quiet by compulsion.
Many a failure is excused because they
did not know in season at what time the
recitation was to come. Instead of pre-
paring yourself every day to say or do
something of lasting advantage to the
whole school; and to exhibit to each class
the practical application of their lesson,
with some new and striking illustrations,
to point out to the individual members
their excellencies and defects, and drill
them thoroughly in a method of your own,
thus making it something more than a mere
repetition of the words of the text book,
your leisure is all spent in planning
and arranging, and in deciding whether
to admit new members to classes already
formed, to the hindrance of those classes
and their own disadvantage, or to form
more classes to the injury of the whole
school; and much of the time of each
class is spent in propping up those who
are building without foundation. If to
day you make a long explanation because
some one who was not here yesterday can-

not understand to-day's lesson, you will
need to repeat it to-morrow to some one
who is absent now. The recitation of
the lesson, which ought to be made as
useful a discipline as the preparation of it,
is of little use except as a means of find-
ing out whether the class have studied
any. You have never made much use
of your preparation for that first day.

This state of things continues several
weeks, when there is comparative quiet
till the middle of the term brings convul-
sion. Here is a new set of pupils who
wish to attend during "the last half." Nearly
as many new classes need to be
formed as there are new pupils; but this
is impossible; so they are allowed to en-
cumber the old classes and get little good
for themselves; for even if they have some
acquaintance with the text book, they
know nothing of the course which these
classes have pursued, and their minds are
not in the same condition for study as
those who have been studying for several
weeks.

But there are other half term scholars.
You could tell them by the lack of interest
they have shown for a week past. If the
former half of the term has been worth
anything to them, the remainder would
be worth many times as much; for, with
a good plan, a right beginning and a prop-
er management of each successive step,
ten times as much may be accomplished
in the last week as in the first. Nearly
all that has been done thus far is only pre-
paratory to the work of the succeeding
weeks, and if he leaves now, he will prob-
ably lose nearly all he has learned, before
another term. If the term were only
half as long, you could lay your plans ac-
cordingly and though it would be too short
to do much, yet a little might be finish-
ed, not simply begun. Many a youth has
pursued this course for several half terms,
and wanders why he has not made more
progress. His friends think that he is not
a quick scholar. Poor Sisypheus!

But what is the effect on those who re-
main? Observe the effect even upon the
sports of children when they see one an-
other leaving before the game is finished.
And children do often love study better
than play.

In academies a premium is usually de-
manded for such interruptions, and often
paid, by remitting a part of the tuition
fee. Mr.—thinks he ought not to be
charged more than half the usual price,
because his son "has not attended more
than about half the time, off and on, and
has not seemed to be doing much at that."

Would it not be better if, with rare ex-
ceptions, pupils were never allowed to en-
ter except at the beginning and for the
whole term? In deciding this question it
must be kept in mind that schools like
falling bodies move with accelerated ve-
locity when there is no interruption or im-
pediment, but if interrupted the momen-
tum is diminished or lost, and sometimes
there is even a reaction. There can be
no doubt that it would be vastly better for
the teachers and for the pupils attending,
if some were kept out; it would be better
for them to work a year and then attend a
whole term at such a school than to make
two or three feeble beginnings at a poorer
one. You are not troubled with many ad-
ditions toward the close of the term; but
some are leaving from time to time, and
there are frequent temporary absences.

Frequently the occasion of the absence is
such as to operate as a diversion for a long
time before and afterwards. Many are
absent from the reviews and general exer-
cises on Saturdays, and are tardy on Mon-
day, the day of poor lessons. Examination
comes. If you are happy then, it is chief-
ly from a consciousness of having tried to
do good.

You will say that all teachers are not
such as I have supposed that you would
be. I wish they were; but will the
evil be less with a poorer teacher? If
the teacher can do you any good, let him
do all he can. If he is incompetent, do
not employ him at all; for it is better to
have very little instruction, and that by a
thorough teacher, than to form superficial
habits of study.

Teachers and others often encourage
this irregularity by too great anxiety and
haste to have a large school, rather than
a good one. Editors, in their notices of
different academies, find it most conven-
ient simply to mention the number of pu-
pils; and this has come to be talked of as
a proper criterion both of the success and
of the excellence of a school. Acting up-
on this principal the managers of some
schools allow large numbers of children
of various ages to hold some connection
with the academy for as small a
portion of the term as they choose (long
enough to be counted) paying tuition in
proportion. Thus a large number is re-
ported for each term, and these being ad-
ded together so that any one who has been
a member every term is counted as many
times as there are terms, the public is in-
formed through the newspapers and cir-
culars that during the past year the insti-
tution has numbered so many hundred stu-
dents. Nothing is said of the number or
qualifications of the teachers, or the

amount of work performed, or how well it
was done. How much better if like an
academy of which New Hampshire may
well be proud, they could exhibit a large
class of young men and women thor-
oughly trained in a long course of solid studies.

Teachers may often do much to dimin-
ish the evil, by example and exhorta-
tion, by keeping a daily record and mak-
ing it the theme of remark, by exciting as
great an interest as possible in the exer-
cises of every day, and by conferring with
parents; or, by lack of punctuality and sys-
tem, they may increase it.

But to parents especially must we look
to find out the causes of the evil and to
furnish the remedy. And, parents, will
you not as you value your own dearest in-
terests, as you regard the rights of your
neighbors, labor for a reform?

Perhaps you could better keep in mind
the necessity for reform if you could find
some analogy in your own business. Moth-
er, may I mix a little cold flax and water
with your bread which has begun to rise?
May I occasionally take out a handful
cool it and put it back again, and then,
just before it is done, take out a piece and
exhibit it as a specimen of your cooking?
If you prefer, I will bring it back some-
time and you may finish cooking it. Will
it not be nice?

Father, if you choose to plant your corn-
field by putting a little seed in every part
of it, every week, till autumn, I would
rather not cultivate it for you. Besides,
I think that the ears will not fill well, and
that when you harvest it there will be
very little ripe corn, more ripe cobs (they
"have got through the book") and the
rest green stalks. Does the mechanic
care when the different materials are fur-
nished, or how after they are displaced?
The railroad conductor cannot afford to
slack the train to take up and put down
passengers all along between stations; and
the loss of steam and momentum is a far
more serious and irreparable evil in a
school than in a locomotive. Doctor, do
you wish your patients to attend to all
your prescriptions at the time? Enquire,
do you care to have all the jury hear the
whole of your plea and all the testimony?

Rev. Sir, have you never been annoyed
while preaching by the thought that some
of your hearers would not get much good,
—perhaps would misunderstand you, be-
cause they were tardy, too late for the in-
troduction? In preaching a series of dis-
courses, or even your forenoon and after-
noon sermon were intimately connected,
have you never felt a seeming necessity
for repeating the whole of the previous
sermon on account of a partial change in
your congregation? When error in faith
or practice began to appear in your parish,
and you brought your strength and your
wisdom to meet it, were you not disap-
pointed that the thinking, influential men
who, you feared, were infected, were not
there? Your labor was lost so far as they
were concerned; or perhaps they got
enough of the sermon by hear say to con-
clude that you were guilty of deformation
or heresy, or opposed to reform; and even
some who were began to wonder that they
did not see at the time that such was the
tendency of your reasoning. Finally,
Messrs. Editors, what will you say to me
if I send this after the next number of
your paper is all planned and arranged
ready for the press, or if I take it away
while the printer is setting the type?

E. P. S.

THE DISMAL SWAMP CANAL.—which
connects the harbor of Norfolk, with the
waters of North Carolina, is the medium
of an immense amount of business from
which Norfolk and Portsmouth receive a
large portion of their support. Few, except
those engaged in it, are aware of its
magnitude and importance. It makes no
noise, no show. The little vessels arrive and
deliver their cargoes at the wharves, taking
in return freights, and depart for the wa-
ters of our sister State without attracting
the least notice from the public at large.

This Canal was commenced in 1787.
Patrick Henry was one of the first sub-
scribers.—It has enjoyed unusual prosper-
ity, and has paid the State of Virginia hand-
somer dividends than any public improve-
ment in which the State is interested. It
is under the management of the very best

